

THE QUIVER

Saturday, November 7, 1868.



"I should have known you anywhere."—p. 66.

ESTHER WEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE."

CHAPTER IX.—AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

MONDAY, which ushered in the month of July, was the very ideal of what a July day should be; and therefore, what, as a matter of fact, it very rarely is—warm, bright, and still; the very core and heart

of glowing summer. It was too still and bright and cloudless for active outdoor enjoyment; fitter indeed for

"Soft slumberings in the open eye of heaven,
And all the listless joy of summer shades."

Esther liked better the soft grey days when the skies are like dove-wings, only radiant for short moments, but infinitely tender in their light and shade. The expedition had been planned, as far as direction and means of conveyance were concerned, but the place where the party were to lunch had been left undecided, to see how the day turned out. If it had been windy, there was a little wood at the foot of the range of low hills which they were to visit, whose shelter would then have been acceptable; but on such a day as this, it was unanimously voted that the fresher heights should be selected. Accordingly "The Barrow" was chosen, and the party proceeded thither in a couple of pony-carriages—Mrs. West's and Mr. Vaughan's—while Esther rode, now by the side of the one, now by the other. A light cart brought up the rear, with the servants and provisions.

"The Barrow," unlike the other hills, or rather heights in the neighbourhood, was quite smooth and grassy; equally smooth and equally elevated on all sides. In shape, it was like an ancient burial-mound, to which it doubtless owed its name, though its size precluded the idea of its having been formed by any power less mighty than that of Nature. On the level top of this height stood three magnificent lime-trees, perfect in form, and foliage, and bloom. They were planted in a straight line at regular intervals, and though this form of arrangement was the least picturesque possible, it attracted the attention more to the individual tree, each a fountain of glory in itself. This arrangement had also the advantage of allowing the spectator to rest under the shadow of the central tree, and contemplate either of the others; and from whatever quarter the breeze might blow, wafts, and clouds, and streams of perfume were tossed toward that central tree; so that to sit in its shade, with a rich English landscape spread out below in smiling nearness, made a rare combination of natural delights to any one susceptible to these.

They reached the height in twos and threes, Mr. Vaughan taking Mrs. West, Esther following with Kate and Constance. Milly and Mr. Palmer had somehow found the ascent longer and more difficult than the others. The servants carried up the repast, which everybody helped to spread, under the central tree, dangling over their heads its thick-hung tassels of golden blossom.

They had finished lunch, and were chatting gaily round the tree, when Constance, who had gone to the edge of the ridge to call the servants, came back rather hastily, crying, "There is somebody coming up."

"Well, what of that?" said Kate.

"I don't know who it can be," returned Constance.

"Very likely," said Kate; "but you need not be excited about it."

"But he beckoned to me," persisted Constance, evidently puzzling herself, while the others laughed.

There he was, however, to speak for himself; and none of them knew him; and yet there he was beckoning to them all.

"He has taken us for some other party," said Milly.

As he came nearer, they could see that he was young, and handsome, and well-dressed; that is to say, he was dressed in the garb of the upper ten thousand: for he was far too gay for good taste, though his suit of fine blue, and his still brighter blue satin necktie, suited his fair complexion and blue eyes, and the yellow gold of his thick watch-guard and pin matched his golden beard. There was a joyance and brightness about the figure, which pleased in spite of one's self. It was specially in harmony with that blue-skied sunny day.

Now that he was close at hand, they all stared with wonder. Constance had sunk on the grass; Esther, in her riding-habit, leant against the tree, close to where her mother sat. The stranger must see the whole group, and yet he was still making signs of recognition. Esther had only time to bend over Mrs. West, and whisper, "Can it be Harry?" when he burst upon them with a merry laugh and breathless words of greeting.

"I've had such trouble to find you!" he cried, hurrying up to Mrs. West, and addressing himself to her. "The servants at the house told me that you were out for the day, so there was nothing for it but to follow; and then I found another set at the foot of the hill, discussing some very good ale: for I had some of it; and here I am. Well, aunt, you are not a bit changed; I should have known you anywhere."

He kissed her, but did not notice how faint and trembling she was, as she rose and leaned for support on Esther. Her he favoured with a look which embarrassed her. In any one else she would have called it a stare, and thrown it back from her sweet, proud eyes. But he shook hands with her kindly and warmly enough.

The Vaughans had delicately managed to withdraw themselves a little on one pretext or another; but Harry had no sooner greeted Esther, than he said, in a loud whisper, "You had better introduce me at once, hadn't you? and perhaps you'll give me something to eat." This last he said aloud, adding, "I'm not in the least particular; I've lived on damper many a day."

The ceremony of introduction was duly performed, and Mr. Harry sat down to lunch alone, not a whit disconcerted by the fact that he was hungry—having travelled since early morning—and that he was about to make his hunger apparent by a hearty meal in the presence of a bevy of ladies; all of which would have disconcerted most men. But Harry was perfectly natural, and perfectly unconstrained. Somehow, it was Kate who served him; Constance, who had been the principal waitress on

the party, having retired, in favour of her elder sister.

As for Esther, she kept close to her mother, who she felt was in need of her sympathy, even before the latter had detained her by a clasp of her trembling hand. And Harry rattled on to Kate, and the company in general. He had fixed on his journey to England; and after he had done so, he could not rest till he had accomplished it—he never could rest till he had accomplished anything he had set his mind on; proof of a noble perseverance, thought Kate; proof, perchance, of something very different, thought another and keener observer. Then he made light of the perils and tedium of his voyage; made light of it altogether, as if he had crossed the Channel, instead of half the globe: in short, gave his audience enough to do to observe him. They could not as yet understand him. That is difficult to do in the case of any human being; especially difficult where the character is either very deep or very shallow; and Harry West might be either—about his cleverness there was no manner of doubt.

Esther West was in that unenviable state of mind in which she felt that she ought to be happy, and yet knew very well she was not. Here was her cousin Harry, radiant with health and good-humour, come back before he was expected, and thus saving a world of anxiety about him. She had looked forward to his coming with such keen, shy pleasure; now that he had come, why was it that she could not rejoice? Why was it that a vague sense of disappointment fell upon her spirit, and made the brightness of the day seem so unreal, so like a painted show?

And in her own gentle and sensitive way, Mrs. West was experiencing the same feeling. It was this that had made her seize Esther's hand, as she stood leaning beside her, slackly holding up the drooping folds of her riding-skirt. Mrs. West had made up her mind that very day to unburden her mind to Mr. Vaughan. She had intended to detain him while the young people were wandering about in the wood, and confide to him the history of Esther's parentage. A better confessor and adviser she could hardly have had—one whose large and generous sympathy could penetrate the subtlest motives, and whose charity never failed him when he had done so. This intention was, however, wholly frustrated. Mr. Harry West greatly preferred to sit there under the blossomed tree, and talk to whoever would listen.

After listening awhile, Milly and Mr. Palmer strayed away, and Constance prevailed on Esther to follow their example. The others remained; Harry actually detaining Mr. Vaughan and Kate.

At length a prolonged, and far from unmusical, call echoed through the little wood. Mrs. West had declared that it was time to go home, as she expected a larger party to dinner, whereupon Harry, on the alert at once, had sprung up to recall the wanderers by the far-reaching cry used by the shep-

herds ranging the Australian bush. Mr. Vaughan meantime escorted Mrs. West down the hill to her carriage, while she timidly begged that he would come over and talk to her some day. "It is about Esther," she said; and he promised, without so much as thinking that the request was an unusual one, or urged with unusual earnestness. "She is far from strong," he thought to himself; "I should not wonder if Esther were an orphan soon."

Meantime, the little wood was made to ring on every side with the efforts of the others to imitate the Australian call. Harry's hearty boyish enjoyment was infectious, and they all proceeded homeward, as happy a party of young people as were to be found on that summer day. Even Esther wondered that she had felt so strangely sad under the scented tree.

CHAPTER X.

LIKES AND DISLIKES.

THE dinner-party in the evening was like most country dinner-parties—a very serious matter. Strong as the youthful element was, it was repressed by a mass of middle-aged dullness. Not that the young people were by any means discontented with the good, heavy couples, in between whom they were wedged. As a rule, it is the dull who object to the dull, not the brilliant and clever, and the fear with which the former regard the latter is wholly unfounded. Mr. Vaughan did not shine in society, and Mr. Palmer kept all his shining for Milly that evening. So the dinner was unusually quiet; but then, everybody knew his or her neighbours, and it was all very pleasant. Only Harry West was irrepresible, and he gained golden opinions from all, by the way in which he relieved them of the awful responsibility of being lively.

"He is so clever, and so interesting," said Kate, confiding to her sisters, in the hour devoted to combing and confidences, her impressions of the Australian. "What a delightful addition he will be to our croquet-parties. He is quite ignorant of the game, and he says we must teach him."

"Do you like him, Milly?" said Constance, making a wry face behind her sister's back.

"I really don't know; he seemed very good-natured."

"It's no use asking Milly," said Kate, with a little laugh, and tossing back her splendid hair.

"Well, I will tell you what I think," said Constance. "I don't like him at all, and I can see papa doesn't, though he won't say so. He is exactly like a handsome tortoiseshell cat; he always makes himself quite comfortable, and then he arches his back, and comes so near when he talks, and keeps purr-purring in your ear. I expected to see him curl himself up on the drawing-room floor at somebody's feet."

Milly was laughing heartily while the merry

Constance pursued her simile, but Kate broke in, indignantly, "Really, Constance, you are growing quite ill-natured in your remarks."

"I do so hope," went on the offender, taking no notice of the rebuke, "that Esther will not marry him, though I dare say he has come over for the purpose."

And Harry West, left alone in the drawing-room with Mrs. West and Esther, was in like manner talking over the Vaughans. He had heard their names, but was not sure if he had affixed them properly. "Connie is the plain one?" he asked.

"I suppose some people would call her plain," said Esther. "I think she is the most beautiful of the three; her face is so full of spirit and intellect."

"And Milly is the delicate one?" he said, going on with his inventory.

"She is not delicate," said Esther, smiling, "in the sense of having ill health. Her health is as perfect as mine."

"Ah! well, I don't like delicate women," he remarked; and Esther looked at him with a severe look in her large grey eyes, which then fell slowly off from him to her mother. But the gentle woman had not noticed. Her thoughts were not for herself, and she had not applied the remark. But Esther, unwilling further to discuss her friends, said, gravely, "The Vaughans are very superior girls, and very highly cultivated; and we love them very much indeed."

"I like cultivated women," said her irrepressible cousin.

Esther could not help thinking that he spoke of these productions very much as if they were peaches, or something nice to eat. He seemed bent on giving them a perfect list of his likings and dislikings. And Esther was sometimes verging on an active dislike—as far as her large and tolerant nature would allow her. But the next moment, she found it impossible to be angry; he was so candid, so good-humoured, so easily pleased. "He is like a boy still," she thought to herself, "with all a boy's faults, and a boy's good qualities. Perhaps living in that young community had something to do with it." It was a new and strange manner, and therefore struck her as unpleasant, accustomed to a different type; but childlikeness was not childishness, and a nature so open and sunny deserved at least a kinswoman's affectionate regard.

Such reflections passed through her mind as she listened to his ceaseless talk. At length, seeing her mother look utterly weary, she said good night, and set the example of retiring to rest. But Harry was one of those people who labour under the impossibility of understanding a hint, however conveyed; and he still went on talking, and would go on, thought Mrs. West, till he was positively sent off to bed. But she was congratulating herself on the opportunity thus offered—an opportunity which she

would otherwise have had to seek—of speaking to him alone. Now that she was alive to the difficulties of her position with regard to Esther, she saw fresh ones on every side. Harry doubtless knew the whole story, and might blurt it out to Esther unprepared.

She took advantage of a pause in his narrative of the voyage home, to lay her hand upon his arm, and ask him to sit down beside her—it was a fashion of his to stand, or rather hover, over any one he was speaking to. "You know all about Esther, Harry, I think?" she said.

"All! What?"

"That—that she is not my own child. My own little one died, you know."

"Oh! but it's all the same now, I fancy."

"She is as dear to me as any daughter, if you mean that, Harry; but I don't want her to be told that she is not my own—not now—not suddenly."

"Doesn't she know all this time?"

"I have never spoken of it."

"But she must know, surely!"

"No; I think not—I am sure not."

The Australian almost whistled; but he added, "I don't know that it matters much; only those things are awkward. I never would have thought of it if you hadn't spoken; but I'm sure to have it in my mind now, and then I may speak it out before I remember that I'm to hold my tongue. I never could keep confidences. If any one told me he was going to confide in me, I always said—Don't." And Harry laughed a careless laugh, to which his aunt responded with a heavy sigh.

"What do you think of Esther?" she asked, timidly, after a pause.

"She's about the finest girl I've seen yet; but then I haven't seen much, you know—not over half-a-dozen pretty women in the last dozen years, and none of them ladies. These Vaughans are all very pretty."

"Yes, but they are not like Esther. She is more beautiful and more admired than they are."

Harry's eyes had told him that Kate Vaughan was the most beautiful, and in his heart he had admired her most, with her colours of the morning—blue, and pink, and gold. Whatever glittered most was first to attract Harry's notice; but he was one of those people who take the opinions of those about them, and are really influenced by them. If, for instance, Esther was really the most admired, he was quite ready to admire her the most.

Mrs. West saw that she had made an impression, and was content. Parting from him, sending him off to bed rather, with another caution, she resolved, as speedily as possible, to put an end to the present state of things.

Esther was an early riser, and often spent two or three hours of the summer morning in reading out of doors before breakfast. But early as she was, Harry was up and out before her. He had already been all over the place—kitchen and stable included—

chatting to the servants, just as he used to chat with the labourers and shepherds at home, with the sailors on the deck of the *Oriana*, homeward bound, with all and sundry, whoever they were, or wherever he might chance to meet them. No wonder that with many he was a favourite. He was quite unconscious in his universal friendliness. No man felt him to be his superior; he himself never felt himself the superior of any man.

And, as a rule, men liked him better than women did, perhaps because women are, as a rule, more exclusive than men. He had, however, one quality which women blindly admire—physical courage. Without a particle of imagination he did not know the meaning of fear. He had leaped overboard after a boy, when the *Oriana* was steaming ten knots an hour through mid ocean, without a moment's hesitation, and had kept the lad afloat till both were picked up, shaking himself, when he got on deck, in the midst of the tragedy-stirred passengers, crowding with eager faces and beating hearts to witness the rescue, with as little concern as a dog who has fetched his master's stick. There were not many women, high or low, on board the *Oriana* who did not make a hero of him then and there, and enshrine him as such in their hearts for ever.

CHAPTER XI.

A MORNING ADVENTURE.

Now, as Esther stepped out on the lawn, fresh as the morning, in her pretty cambric dress, with the light falling on her hair, and a little brown book in her hands—a favourite poet, neither Tennyson nor Browning—Harry, coming round the end of the house, welcomed her with delighted eagerness. It was pleasant to have a companion, when he had expected to spend an hour or two alone, and he was at no loss to express his pleasure. They went the round of the place, sauntering side by side.

"What a morning for a ride!" said Harry; "I must get a horse at once.

"Take mine," said Esther. "It is just the morning I like for riding; the fresh breeze is so delightful."

"And what will you do?" he replied, half tempted to go: for any kind of motion was delight to him. He was one of those people to whom rest is an impossibility.

"Stay here," said Esther, smiling.

But Harry was unwilling to lose his companion, and so he said, "Can't we have a walk instead?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, readily—quite as ready as he was for active exertion.

They were walking up the green lane that led past Mr. Wiggett's garden. All ways were as yet alike to Harry, and there was a little hill beyond, from whence they could look over to "The Cedars." A wagonette was standing at the gate of the garden, and in the wagonette, clasping a great bouquet with

both hands, stood little Polly Potter. A shy smile spread over the small white face, which three days' sunshine had not had power to tan, as she saw her friend approaching.

Esther stopped to speak to her; she had taken quite a fancy to the child. "Will you give me one of your flowers?" she asked.

"Yeth!" and the little maid held the bunch towards her.

Esther took it. "And which may I take?" she asked again.

"The pettieth," lisped the child, with her angelic smile.

Esther was disengaging a rosebud from the nose-gay. A great heavy boy, who ought to have been holding the horse, was leaning on a post looking at Esther. Coming down the path, and close upon them, was Mr. Wiggett carrying Master Johnny, with Mary Potter walking by his side. A sickening feeling came over Mary, and she grasped Timothy Wiggett's disengaged arm, as she caught sight of the little group at the gate.

Just at that moment, the mettlesome pony gave its head a shake, and with a loud snort started off at good speed down the lane and into the road. The mother gave a great cry, and came rushing to the gate. The heavy, sleepy-looking lad, after staring a full minute at the catastrophe, began a lumbering run; but Harry had darted off at full speed on the instant, and just as the start was about to become a race, had dexterously caught the dangling reins.

The child had fallen down in the bottom of the wagonette—thrown over by the sudden movement; and was lying there, half dead with fear. As soon as the boy came up, they lifted her out, and the terrified child clung round the neck of her deliverer.

Thus they came back to the garden-gate, the boy leading the pony behind them. No one of the little group had moved or spoken after the cry from Mary. She leant, trembling, on one of the posts, white and speechless, till the horse was overtaken. Only, when Harry had the child safe in his arms, Esther laid her hand softly on Mary's, and gave her a look full of tender, tearful, joyful sympathy, that said far more than any words.

Meantime, Harry came up with the little one, and held her out to her mother, who kissed her passionately, and burst into a fit of hysterical weeping.

Esther took the best way of soothing Mary. She held her in her arms in perfect silence, and in these moments of emotion, the two who seemed so wide apart—the one sad, toil-worn, aging and fading; the other blooming in health and youth; the one crushed with poverty, the other accustomed to riches and ease—drew close together, and loved each other with a love which might change the current of their lives. They might have met under other and calmer circumstances; and the natural tie between them would have asserted itself consciously; but it would not

have caused their lives to flow in one, as this outburst of sudden sympathy had prepared them to do.

Then little Mary had to be caressed and made much of, and coaxed to re-enter the wagonette. She did not cry and scream against it; her protest consisted in the deadly white of her little frightened face, and the piteous look in her eyes, till both Mr. Wiggett and Esther pleaded that she might be left behind, in order to recover from her fear. But, parting from her mother seemed only a greater evil to the child, and so she clung to her, and overcame her terror, and held up her pretty little mouth for farewell kisses all round. At last Harry and Esther were left looking after the wagonette as it bowled down the lane, having fairly started this time.

Mary Potter came back out of the pleasant, quiet country to her small, dingy rooms, so full of children that Martin said, speaking of them as if they were rats, "the place was overrun with them."

She found Sarah, her substitute, full of grievances. Bob and Walter, two noisy schoolboys, had repudiated her authority, and openly set her at naught in the matter of coming in from their street-play at the appointed hour. Martin and Willie, two older ones, already out as apprentices, had grumbled at her cooking; but that was nothing to the trouble about Emily and Agnes, in which she had only participated as an onlooker; and she proceeded to pour into her mother's ear a tale of domestic disturbance, which made poor Mary's heart palpitate with dread.

Emily and Agnes were the twins, and they were both in one establishment, learning the joint and yet separate mysteries of dressmaking and millinery. They were tall and rather well-made girls, with something of their mother's grace, though failing to carry themselves as she had done, with her perfect health and elastic vigour.

On the Saturday of their mother's absence the twins had sat up very late—indeed, it is to be feared that they even trespassed on sacred hours, in order to finish the summer bonnets, which were to be worn for the first time on the following day. Mary had taught her children to go to church, and when the Sabbath bells began to ring, Agnes had come downstairs, Prayer-book in hand, with her new bonnet on her head, while Emily was tying on hers before the tiny looking-glass, preparatory to following her. Martin Potter was in the sitting-room, and in an exceptionally bad humour, even for him. He seldom took any notice of the girls, or what they had on—indeed, their taste was very good on the whole, and not at all flaunting; but the brilliant season and fashion together had tempted them to be gayer than usual, and Agnes's bonnet attracted her father's notice.

It was of white net, trimmed with blue, and with a blue flower fastened at the ear.

"Come here and let me look at that thing you've got on your head," said Martin Potter, in a sarcastic tone; then, raising his voice, "Go upstairs and take it off; I won't have my girls dress like street-walkers so long as they are under my roof."

"And she didn't go at once," said Sarah, "and father roared like thunder, it set me all of a tremble, 'Take it off this minute!' and when Aggy took it off and held it in her hand, he went and crumpled it up and flung it into the passage. And Aggy went upstairs crying, and Emily did not go to church either, and Aggy had a bad headache, and wouldn't eat any dinner; and Willie and Martin said it was a great shame," concluded Sarah.

And this was what Mary Potter came home to.

(To be continued.)

THE SANCTIFYING INFLUENCE OF SCRIPTURE.

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."—Ps. cxix. 11.



SCRIPTURE claims to be possessed of certain properties. It claims a converting property: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul" (Ps. xix. 7). It claims the property of restoring new life to the dead souls of men: "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Peter i. 23). It claims a discriminating property—the power of penetrating the hidden recesses of man's being, and revealing the heavy darkness which broods there: "The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. iv. 12).

It claims an enlightening property: "The entrance of thy words giveth light" (Ps. cxix. 130). It claims a gladdening property: "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart" (Ps. xix. 8). Many other properties are claimed, and claimed in terms of very solemn import; and the full operation of Scripture will not, I believe, be truly understood till the day when we shall know even as also we are known. Meanwhile we can strive to trace the working out of the design of Scripture in the operation of many of these properties; and it is in this that we discover the real meaning of that claim, which we have already considered in THE QUIVER, that "the law of the Lord is perfect." When we read that Scripture claims the property of converting the soul, and we find by actual experience that it does reclaim the wan-

dering souls of men; when we read that Scripture can gladden the heart, and we meet the Christian "smiling through tearful eyes;" when we read that Scripture can lay bare the motives working in man's breast, and we find conviction of sin wrought in the sinner through its instrumentality; then we learn that Scripture has vaunted nothing which it has not fulfilled—which it is not fulfilling every day. We gain a kind of cumulative evidence that the claim which it sets up to perfection, is no empty boast, but a grand and heart-helping fact, which is daily receiving confirmation. And this fact affords one reason why many among the merely intellectual portion of mankind look somewhat askance upon the claims of Christian truth. Many of the evidences of the perfection of Scripture lie in a field in which they have no experience. If you want to test the efficacy of a medicine, you may submit it to careful chemical analysis, and consider how the various ingredients, and the powers of each, modified by skilful combination, will operate upon the human system in various states of disorder; but this is not the practical evidence of its efficacy. If you want that, you must go to the hospital—you must stand by sick-beds, and see human beings suffering from all conceivable maladies, restored to health and strength under its healing influence; you must see the feverish flush give place to the bloom of health; you must see worn and emaciated faces restored to fulness and beauty; and seeing this, not once, here and there, but often—everywhere, you are convinced of the value of the remedy. And why? Because you have tested its properties by actual facts, and you have found that it is possessed of the healing powers it claimed. And so should men deal with Scripture. It does not profess to advance men in knowledge respecting the conformation of continents or the crust of our globe; but it does profess to present to man the vivid photograph of a sin-deceased heart. It does not profess to gratify man's curiosity; but it does profess to save his soul. And the history of eighteen centuries has proved—and the story of many a lonesome cottage on some country-wild, or dark alley in some crowded city, is every day proving incontestably that these are no idle claims.

The Psalmist believed these claims. He believed that this word of God, hid within his heart, would prove an effectual protection against sin: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." In other words, he believed in what may be called the sanctifying power of Scripture.

Let us try and discover whether in this case the claim of Scripture can be substantiated.

In considering whether the Scripture does truly produce this happy result, we must be careful to

inquire *in what way* does the word of God produce it? Many are led astray by assuming that there is only one way in which an effect may be produced, and finding that the effect cannot be produced in the way they supposed, they conclude that it is impossible in any way.

Let us consider some of the ways in which the word of God does *not* profess to produce the sanctification of man.

It does not profess to do so merely by the utterance of certain moral precepts, though the precepts are of Divine origin. Such a result is impossible in such a way.

Man is a being of motives and passions. The whole page of history (alas! that it should be so) is nothing more than the story of the terrible consequences of the unbridled passions of men. Men as a rule (I question that a real exception could be found) do not act merely from judgment. Some motive must stir them into action. Those who have been pointed out as the models of impartial judgment have had their motive in the desire to be esteemed just. Men have passions: men need motives of action. Did not God pronounce the curse of fatal fecundity on the earth, to give man the motive to toil? Mere precepts will never produce sanctification. You may say to a man, Thou shalt not covet; but does the precept eradicate the desire? You may say to a man, You shall be poor; but you must not desire the wealth of those you see unscathed by the fiery wants which consume you. You shall be trodden down by the insolent feet of hard-hearted men; but you must not desire revenge. You shall watch by the bedside of your dying, starving wife; but you must not desire to touch the dainties of the rich man's table. You may say this; but your words are powerless to repress, much less to root out, the wrath, or passion, or desire from the heart. Mere precept will not avail. It has been tried in the balance of experience, and has been found wanting; and Scripture distinctly disdains its use. Nay, one design of the revelation of God's word, is to show that such a system is unsuited to man's fallen state. Thus we read that the effect of the enunciation of the code of moral precepts, only served to bind the fetters of condemnation more firmly upon man. "By the law is the knowledge of sin;" "I had not known sin, but by the law;" "The law made nothing perfect" (Rom. iii. 20; Rom. vii. 7; Heb. vii. 19).

But some may be disposed to say, that though the sanctification of the human spirit is not effected by the mere utterances of the law, yet it may be by the living example of a living Christ. "It is no bare code of morals," they say, "which is put into our hand. It is the law as manifested, as illustrated in the steps of a life of self-sacrifice and love; it is the utterance of a lofty morality, en-

forced by the example of Christ. It is not a mere written commandment; it is a commandment which breathes in throbbing flesh. The pilgrim is not invited to start on the road with hard, unbending, unsympathising rules of conduct for his guidance, but he starts with the laws of his behaviour held out in the life of One who suffered as he must suffer, who was wearied as he must be weary, and who died as he must die. We do not look for the sanctification of men," say such, "through a cheerless code, but through a living, loving example."

It will be our endeavour to show that Scripture does not profess to work man's sanctification *merely* through the example of Christ.

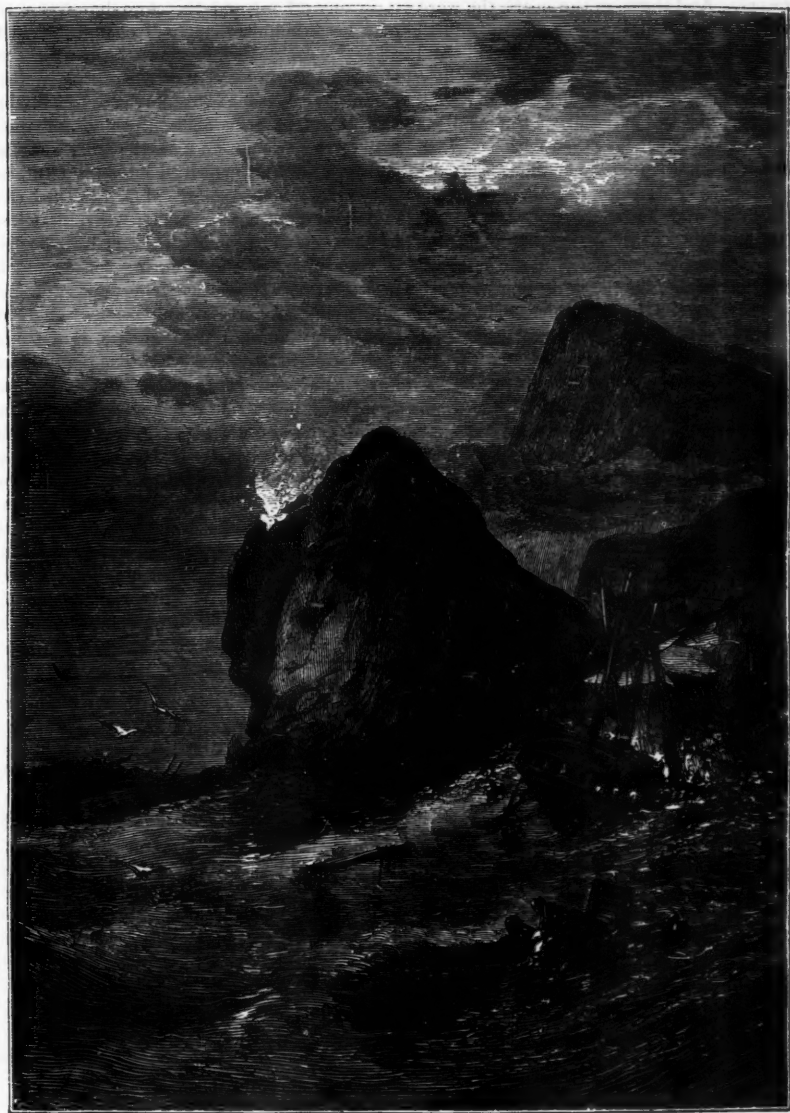
Man needs a motive power for work, and the mere example of Christ fails to supply this; indeed, we may venture so far as to say that the *mere* example of Christ destroys the motive power for work. I feel, as I look at the commandments of God, that the perfection of obedience is unattainable. I feel it still more when I look at that obedience as revealed in the life of Christ. I see that the precepts of the law are more comprehensive than at first sight appeared. I see that the obedience required by the Creator, is too lofty for man unaided to reach. I hear the words of condemnation—uttered in the Old Testament, and ratified in the New—"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. iii. 10). I see that the example of Christ condemns me more forcibly than the written law, every day, every hour that I live, and then I lose hope. The story of that life of self-sacrifice and holiness, only serves to thrust me down into despair, and so robs me of all motive of action. In truth, as far as mere example is concerned, the story of St. Peter and St. Paul speaks more forcibly, is more likely to promote activity of life, than the narrative of our Lord's sojourn on earth. And the reason of this is obvious: we cannot measure such a perfect life, we have more sympathy (I speak of our fallen and unregenerate nature) with the character which exhibits human foibles, and frailties, and sins, than with the character in which we can detect none of these—the character which is "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." We can measure the man who is even a head and shoulders above his fellows; but we cannot measure one whose perfect holiness removes him infinitely above our level. It is the same with the English traveller abroad. At first he is disappointed with the grand scenery which surrounds him: he is inclined to prefer the pretty landscapes which he has left behind, to the majestic proportions of the mountain ranges on which he looks; and simply for the reason that his eye has been used to measure the dwarf-like hills of his own land, and he does not all at once appreciate the gigantic heights of other

countries. He must be schooled in the standard of other climes, before he can admire their lofty beauty. So must we be versed in the language of heaven, before we can estimate, with the fullness of heartfelt sympathy, the moral grandeur of our Lord's character. Till then the frail elements of our fallen nature must be seen in man's character, that we may feel them kinsfolk that stir our passions, and move us to action. And the existence of this feeling, that makes the feeble, imperfect child of dust sway our souls more absolutely than the pure and gentle Son of God, is to be seen in the early history of the Church—when men chose to themselves favourite apostles, and proclaimed themselves, "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos." It is seen in the later history of the Church, when the Virgin and the saint are sought after with more fervour than the Master himself. It is seen in the tendency of the present day to follow blindly any particular set of doctrines that may be arbitrarily put forth by some fallible authority.

And this preference on the part of fallen men for the sinful above the sinless, I think, ought to show us, conclusively, that to elevate or regenerate our nature by mere example is a hopeless task; and Scripture does not attempt such a task. The system of sanctification which Scripture propounds, is one which begins in grateful love to a personal Saviour. "He died for us," is the watchword of this affection. The love is originated in us by the manifestation of God's love towards us. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us;" and then follows the utterance of the loving apostle: "We love him, *because he first loved us.*"

Here the love begins, but here the love cannot stop. It expands from this centre to the yearning after obedience to all the precepts of God; it is stimulated to this desire by the Saviour's own words: "If ye love me, keep my commandments" (John xiv. 15). And so the Apostle Paul explained his devotion to the cause of Christ: "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again" (2 Cor. v. 14, 15). This love it is which prompts men to treasure the words, and to follow the blessed steps of the Master's most holy life. This love can teach us the language of heaven, and school us to the appreciation of the Saviour's unspotted character. Then, under the influence of heaven-inspired gratitude, we store up the precepts of God's word, "hiding them in our hearts, lest we sin against God."

We hide them for safety, for profit, for sincerity. It is not the Bible on the shelf, or in our homes, or even in our minds: it is the Bible in our hearts, which will gradually break down the power of sin



"They heard the thunder of the sea that opened into graves."—p. 70.

within us. It is the word of God in the place of honour and of affection. It is the word of God cast in at the fountain-head of sin (for "from the heart proceed evil thoughts," &c.) and healing the deadly waters. And there, in the heart, the word can never be stored, till the love is drawn forth towards and by the boundless love of God. And there, alone, will the word of God avail, for there the true conflict with evil is fought. We may talk of the battle of life; we may talk of the insidious influence of men; the heavy temptations which warp the honour and integrity of men; the sore bereavements which desolate the home; but the real battle must ever be fought, and won, in the inner sanctuary—in the heart itself. And the battle won there, the contest with the outward world becomes easy. It is the hesitation within—the conspiracy in the camp, which makes the enemy outside appear formidable.

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."


But it may be urged, Do you then deny that any have ever become moral, really changed in their course of life and conduct, but those who have thus had their love called forth by the death of Christ for their sins? No; we do not deny this. We are perfectly willing to admit that many such changes have taken place, and are frequently

taking place; but the point which we have in hand is not that men have never forsaken sinful lives except in one way, but that Scripture effects this change in one way, and does not profess to effect it in any other; and therefore, however ready we may be to admit that such changes have taken place, we are not willing to take them as examples of the sanctifying power of Scripture. We are not willing to take such as examples, for we doubt that such changes will abide through all the fiery testing-time of life and death; as we doubt any strength but that which springs from the motive power of heaven—the love of God in Christ.

But we must not forget the real object we have in view. It is to establish the claim of Scripture to perfection, by endeavouring to show that it is possessed of this sanctifying power; but this sanctifying property is only to be seen in operation when man has used the word of God as it was intended to be used. The fruit seen—we know the seed is beneath, and we know the gardener's boast was a fair one; for now we can compare the beauties of the flower with the description he gave while the seed was yet in his hand. But there is no fruit till the seed is buried. And so there is no real sanctification till the word is hidden within the heart by the man who so deeply loves his Master that he dreads the very thought of "sinning against him."

W. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A.

A HEROINE.

" H, yes, sir; there's a many ways of picking up a living as the rich never thinks of. You wouldn't suppose, now, that selling a few watercreases would find a bit of bread and a morsel of tea and sugar for three souls; but it does, and for hundreds more; and if you'd get up early some morning and have a look at Farringdon Market, you'd be a bit surprised at the trade there is doing in them bits of greenmeat.

"I took to it when it pleased God to take my Mary; and she said to me, with her eyes already staring and fixed straight away upon the far-off land—'Mother, darling,' she said, 'I'm going where He is to whom they brought little children; but I can't take mine, mother; you must keep them for me.' And all I could say to make her happy about her two little ones, I said; and as I sat trying to watch her with my poor, old dim eyes, that had grown hot and dry from much crying, she passed away from me; and I, who had hoped to have had her hand to make my pillow smooth in the time when I was on my last sick-bed, was left behind with her two poor bairns.

"Hard! ah, it was hard—hard when my Sam died—my husband, you know. He was a steve-

dore, and got crushed between a ship and the dock-wharf—killed, sir, fighting in the battle of life for our daily bread; and he left me with little Mary, nine years old then; but we fought our way on with our needles; for my eyes were good then, though beginning to grow weak with shedding widow's tears. And we lived, sir, lived on, which in these hard times for the poor is something. It was hard to see, though, that there was sunshine and brightness out of doors, and to know that it was to be enjoyed, but not by us, who had our work—always hard work—to get just common things and daily bread, and pay the bit of rent. But the years flew on; and even while it seemed only yesterday that poor Sam was taken to the hospital, and me sent for to close his eyes, Mary would come back from the workshop with a tall, stout young fellow to see her to the door.

"What could I say, when she was a woman grown, and looked so happy and proud of him? not 'shamed, you know, but seeming to glory in him; and I couldn't complain, and tell her she was forgetting her poor old mother, when it was only her natural love for a good, straightforward, honest young fellow. Didn't it bring back my

own old times, when life was young for me, and everything looking fresh, and green, and shining, when Sam came courting, and my heart used to beat at the sound of his footsteps?

"No; I could say nothing, only have many a good cry when poor Mary was asleep, and I lying awake to think of how sad a life had been mine.

"But I would not make this a trouble, I said, and I made him welcome, and in all good time, when they'd saved a little money, they were to be married.

"We lived at Stratford then, and Harry was a porter on the Great Eastern Railway, with eighteen shillings a week—a large sum, poor Mary thought; and when it was raised to a pound they were to marry, and, as my poor little lass thought, be rich. 'A pound a week, mother!' she'd say, and then she'd reckon up how far it could go, and how much they'd save, and plot and plan how I was to live with them, and not work so hard, till she would catch me looking, half smiling, half sad, at her, and then come and nestle her head upon my shoulder.

"It's very hard to give up one thing after another that you love; but it's not for the old to be selfish, and stand in the light of the young. I loved my poor Mary too well for that; and the time came, and they were married, and their foolish young hearts knew no sorrow while they were together; and being careful, first one babe, and then another, seemed no trouble to them. I lived with them, and helped all I could, so that I was never in any way a burden. Clouds they had none, and their lives were too busy for them to be unhappy. Up early and away to his work was Harry, while his wife would be busy with her little ones, and singing about like a child, until it was time for him to come back; and at last I used to go to bed every night thanking God for the happiness that was theirs.

"And then came the storm that nipped my poor child's life, and left me, a poor widow, to scrape on as I could with the little ones.

"I hadn't been very well, and I was dull and heavy, thinking a deal about what had happened thirteen or fourteen years before, and seeming to see again the cold-looking, white hospital wards where I was fetched to; and do all I would, I could not help going through all my troubles over and over again, till I got so low and cried so, that I quite upset Mary, and she had hard work to keep from crying too.

"At last, seeing how miserable I made her, I cheered up, and she got the tea ready for Harry when he came home, and set his chair, and got the baby off to sleep, so that if he was tired the little thing should not worry him; and there was all looking bright, and pleasant, and homelike, for the poor fellow who didn't come.

"Half an hour past his time—an hour—two hours—and then Mary began to show how uneasy she was; but at last we heard steps, and she ran to the door, opened it, and then darted back to me in the little kitchen, her eyes staring, her face all white and drawn, and as she cried out once, 'Oh, mother!' in so pitiful a way, she dropped on the floor.

"But it was only a passing fit of giddiness from the shock, for she was up again directly, and helping me to drag away the table; then they brought in poor Harry on a shutter—four of his mates, and we fetched a mattress, and laid him on it down-stairs. Poor fellow, he looked like death itself, with his pale face, generally so ruddy and bright, and his eyes sunken, and the hair upon his poor clammy forehead all wet.

"It was that old story—crushed while shunting—another poor fellow stricken down while fighting for his bread.

"He would not let them take him to the hospital, he told us, quite calmly, for fear poor Mary should not get there in time to see him; and when we tried to cheer him up, saying, 'Not so bad as that,' and talking as you know how people will talk to sick folk, he only smiled faintly, and asked Mary to sit by his side, and hold his hand, and not leave him.

"This was after the doctor had done all he could, and said the poor fellow ought to have been taken to the hospital; and, after a bit, he asked me to fetch down the baby, and he kissed it, and then his little boy, and told me to take him away again. And then before the agony came on, he asked Mary to lift his head upon her shoulder, and begged her to forgive him for not doing more to provide for her and her little ones, when, poor lad, he had never spent a shilling from his home; and went on talking in that quiet, sad way, till I could not bear it, for it was plain enough that he knew what was coming.

"Not one thought did he have for himself, only, after a bit, he asked Mary quietly to join his hands together, for he could not move them, and to kneel down by his side; and she did it all in a quiet, strange, broken-hearted way, that was pitiful to see.

"And then came the most terrible agony, such as was dreadful to look upon; but though he was racked, he never uttered a word of complaint, but bore it all till about daybreak, when he seemed easy, and Mary leaned over him to wipe the great drops of sweat from his face.

"He had been lying with his eyes closed for a little while, and then he opened them suddenly, and just whispered something to Mary, which made her put her face to his, and then I could hear her saying the words of a prayer, and a strange, cracked voice I did not seem to know

repeating them after her, and then all was still in that room, for Harry's troubles were at an end.

* * * * *

"The doctor said it was a sort of low fever brought on by a cold; perhaps it was, partly, for it was a cold, dreary, soaking day when poor Harry was buried, and Mary came home drenched; but from the day she closed his eyes, my poor lass drooped and drooped, and pined slowly away, till, as I told you, I was left with those two poor little things, old, a widow, and without the means I once had of getting a living by sewing.

"Harry's society paid the expenses of his and Mary's funeral, and the neighbours who knew us were very kind; but people who are poor themselves, can't go on always being very kind to the helpless, and after thinking it over, I made up my mind to try water-creases, taking the baby with me, and leaving the little boy with a neighbour.

"Time back, when my heart was sore with my great troubles, I was wicked enough to wish that

I might not live; but I pray God nightly, now, that it may please him to spare me for the sake of the little ones, and I'll never murmur more.

"Answer my purpose to leave a couple of bunches every morning, sir? Why that would be sixpence a week, and another good customer safe. Twenty or thirty such customers would be a little fortune to us. I say *us*, because of poor Mary's little ones."

And the cry went on ringing down the long-echoing street — "Water crea-ses!" the rusty black gown fluttering in the breeze, and the thin old figure struggling beneath the burdens of a heavy child and a large basket; and her words came back—the words she had first spoken when I asked her of her past life—"A many ways of picking up a living as the rich never thinks of!" And then as I turned away, with the quiet, lined, old face in its scrap of a widow's cap, burnt as it were into my mind, I could not help asking myself what was the meaning of the word *Heroine*.

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

THE "MARY CRAY."

A BALLAD.

THE sun went down into the west, in purple vapours rolled;

The sun went down into the west, and sea and sky were gold.

And sea and sky were gold and glass, but ere the day was done,

There rushed a wind from up the west that passed the setting sun.

Upon the rocks that faced the west, an ancient man did stand;

He stood and judged the rising wind with the palm of his right hand.

And he laughed a wizened laugh, and said, "A good night's work for me!

The wind will blow me gold to-night along this golden sea."

The gold died out upon the sea, and died upon the sky, And where the sea and sky were joined, a sail was passing by.

And the night sank down, and the wind rose up, and the billows beat the rocks:

The aged carl did laugh and cry, "They will come to-night in flocks!"

In the gloom he climbed his rocky stair to where the driftwood lay;

He set his blaze to cast its gleam across the stormy bay.

Again he laughed in his withered heart, "They will come to-night in flocks;

They will find a pleasant port, I ween, among my spiky rocks!"

It was the good ship *Mary Cray* that spied his flame afar;

"'Tis well," the captain spake aloud; "behold the beacon star!"

"Oh, *Mary Cray*, the wind is fair, to make thy labour short;

Good cheer! the light is on our path, and we are near the port."

And so she drave, and all on board made cheer before the light,

Until the captain cried, "I see a darkness through the night.

"The cliff! the cliff!" and while he spake, above the wind and waves,

They heard the thunder of the sea that opened into graves.

Oh, cruel wind! oh, cruel sea! oh, cruel, cruel shore! Oh, cruel human heart which felt for other hearts no more!

The morning dawned in dainty hues upon the quiet east,

But still the ocean tossed and broke upon the rocks in yeast.

And now the loon came down to see what wealth his deed had won,

But all he saw was one young boy, who stared upon the sun.

He lay upon his back, and smiled a smile of childish love,

As if he were at home in bed, and his mother bent above.

And far away, full many a day, that mother watched in vain,

And wept and sighed, "The *Mary Cray* will never come again!"

At last one morn a stately ship came gliding up the bay, And men said, "Call the widow out; it is the *Mary Cray*!"

She overturned her spinning-wheel, and ran abland
with joy;

"It is—it is the *Mary Cray*, and yonder is my
boy!"

Alas! alas! the *Mary Cray* was done with joy and woe—
Was done with gladdening hearts to come, and saddening
them to go.

For when the vessel neared the beach, the rapture
fled away;

Her build was like, but only like, the good ship
Mary Cray.

Ah! widow, lone to sit and moan and sometimes look
on high,

And come to know, through pain and woe, that love
can never die!

Oh, shield us, Jesu, from the sea, but shield us, Jesu, more,
From such a heart as his who watched that night
upon the shore! G. WADE ROBINSON.

OUR FUTURE SAILORS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE "IMPREGNABLE" TRAINING-SHIP.

IO earn and to maintain a well-deserved supremacy in any particular direction, is just cause for national pride. England has had her share of this feeling; but, with the advance of civilisation in other countries, assisted largely by the international exhibitions that have been held, she must be content to see herself equalled, if not surpassed, in many branches of art in which she may have hitherto reigned without a rival. But in the art of war, or at least so far as regards naval warfare, she will not easily give up her right to be considered mistress of the seas.

We need not wait for actual hostilities, to see how a nation is likely to acquit herself; and so, without preparing to encounter any enemy, we may show abundant evidence that in the day of trial our country would be able to hold its own against all comers. Not so much by continually adopting improved kinds of ordnance, or by the perpetual building of iron naval monsters of various degrees of ugliness and invulnerability; but by the steady training of our sailors—by seeing to it that, whilst other handicrafts are being raised in the social scale, this one of seamanship shall not deteriorate; that while such premiums are held out to careful, steady, sober habits in other walks of life, there should not be wanting inducements to join this; and, in fine, that to the valour and smartness which have always characterised the British tar, there should be added all the qualities derivable from the improved state of society in which we now live. This has been our great difficulty: how to recruit our army and navy from the better part of our labouring classes; how to draw off our soldiers and sailors without going down to the dregs.

But our consideration now is with the navy; and glad we are to be able to refer to a system which, by trying to lay hold of some of the youths of our country, does its best for the future of that service. A recent visit to Devonport afforded us an opportunity of going over the *Impregnable*, which used to be the guard-ship there, but is now employed as a training-ship for boys; and a long interview with Captain

Tremlett, who has organised the system, and personally superintended its working, put us in possession of much information which we think cannot fail to be interesting to a large circle of readers.

Let us suppose a boy desirous of joining the ship. He must be over fourteen years and a half and under sixteen, and must come provided with a certificate of his birth and the written consent of his parents or nearest relations. He is measured and weighed; then brought before the captain, and, if approved, he is taken to the chaplain, to be tested as to his ability to read and write. Then the doctor applies tests of another sort, and puts him through an examination of another order, for which he is not quite so responsible. If from fourteen and a half to fifteen years of age, he must be over four feet eight inches in height, and measure twenty-seven inches round the chest; if fifteen, he must be over four feet ten inches, and measure twenty-nine inches round the chest. If in every respect he be a strong, healthy, well-formed lad, he produces before the senior-lieutenant his certificate of birth, and his parent's written consent for his son to be entered and bound until he is twenty-eight. This prevents the lowest class of boys from entering—those poor homeless, parentless lads, who, like Topsy, do not know who their father is, but "spects they growed." Neither are boys taken from any reformatory. So that every care is taken to get good material to work upon.

Having passed his examinations, and been furnished with his kit, the boy is duly entered. His life now is one of the strictest routine, but yet so varied are its engagements that monotony yields to interest. The regulations are so precise, that he cannot plead ignorance of duty; the rewards and advantages are so well defined, that he is not without incentives to good behaviour.

During the summer months—from May to October—from 5 A.M. to 9 P.M., the day is passed in a varied round of instruction in school, gun-drill, seamanship, and small arms.

There are, however, some pleasant breaks in the week's duties. On Thursdays, at noon, the boys are allowed to go on shore: those whose parents

do not reside in the place returning at 5 P.M., the remainder, and the boys with badges—to be explained presently—at 7.30. On Friday afternoons, when practicable, those not at school are landed under arms for rifle-drill and instruction. Fife-and-drum bands are encouraged, which, besides proving a source of amusement, are often of use, as, for instance, in learning to march.

On Sundays there is but little work to do. At 9, those boys who are Roman Catholics are inspected, and then go, in charge of an officer, to the *Hotspur*, where they are instructed by a Roman Catholic chaplain. The rest attend service at 10, and Sunday-school from 12.55 to 2.15. All are then allowed to go on shore, subject to the same regulations as on Thursday, except that, in winter, those boys whose friends reside in the port may sleep on shore on Sunday night.

So much proper consideration is shown for the religious opinions of their friends, that if the boys object to attend the Sunday-school conducted by the chaplain, in which the Church Catechism is taught, they are formed into classes presided over by officers who happen to be of the same persuasion. As may be imagined, a great many objections are made, without any deep, conscientious dislike to any particular teaching, but from a disinclination to any teaching at all.

Reference was made just now to badges. These are for proficiency and good conduct, and consist of a chevron of gold lace to be worn on the sleeve. They are awarded to those boys who have served three months with general good conduct, cleanliness, and neatness, having made satisfactory progress in their drill and school studies, and who have passed the requisite examinations in seamanship and gunnery. The privilege of being thus decorated is not an empty honour: the badge brings with it a slight extension of weekly leave to those whose friends reside in the neighbourhood, or extra leave at Midsummer and Christmas to those whose friends reside at a distance; the privileges of a petty officer, with exemption from sweeping or bag-stowing, and also from all punishment, except for theft, so long as the badge is retained. When a draft is selected for service, preference is given to those who have the badge, provided they are in other respects qualified.

All the boys who desire it have leave granted them four times a year. At Easter, Midsummer, and Michaelmas, two weeks; and at Christmas three weeks.

By a judicious administration of the rations allowed by the Admiralty, and which only include provisions for sea-going ships, the captain is enabled to obtain extra vegetables, flour, soft bread, and materials for puddings, instead of always supplying salt junk and hard biscuit.

This system is found to conduce materially to the boys' health as well as comfort, and is but another proof of the wise and judicious treatment to which they are subjected. From this fund also are provided the cost of bats, balls, and other games, and also the expenses of excursions.

We had an opportunity of inspecting their mess arrangements. Two boys are told off as captains of messes, and wear an embroidered anchor on the left arm. They are responsible for the good order of their messes, and they portion out the food each day. Two cooks also are told off in rotation. We were below when the cooks were laying the tables with mess traps, and fetching the meat from the coppers. The captains then divided the meat and potatoes, in readiness for the boys. We were waiting, and witnessing these operations, when a loud, thudding noise was heard overhead, and then down came the boys, with their naked feet rattling along the decks and down the ladders, from their muster above. They did not at once take their seats, but remained outside their stools, and standing. The first lieutenant then came round, with his cap off, and inspected the tables; and then the senior boy in each mess said grace, and the work commenced in earnest. The fact that the officer came round with cap in hand, showed the respect with which the boys were treated; and the wholesome rule that "if, on inspection, it is found that any boy has an unfair proportion of bones, &c., the senior boy is to be made to change dinners with the one that has had an inferior share given to him," guards against any unfairness or selfishness.

There were about twenty boys in each mess; and, at the head, we noticed a copy of very admirable rules for their moral and physical guidance. They are far too many to enumerate, but they are drawn up manifestly in the interest of the boys themselves: they are not mere arbitrary commands, but are so worded as to carry with them the advantages of obedience.

The rules also for the officers in charge of them are no less explicit; and everything seems done for the comfort and welfare of the boys. Even the marines are selected for their decidedly good character, and are not embarked for service in training-ships in their regular turn.

A good deal has been said about their duties, and something about their leave from the ship; but what about their recreation on board. There is a reading-room for them, amply supplied with newspapers and magazines, and affording opportunities for quiet games—such as chess and draughts, dominoes, puzzles, &c. All games of cards and dice are strictly forbidden on board.

It is pleasing to be able to state that the townspeople give the boys a very good character for steadiness when on shore; and if they are well

conducted when away from the restraints of discipline, we may be sure that its influence is eminently beneficial.

We have been rather minute in our description of these training-ships, for probably this paper may fall into the hands of those who are interested

in getting boys out in the world. Such persons must have encountered a strong desire for a seafaring life in some of their protégés; we do not take upon ourselves to advise their being sent to sea; but we do say, if they are sent, by all means let them enter a training-ship.

B. C.

THE DROSERA.



ARY," said Charles, "we saw a curious and pretty little plant in the marsh yesterday; I should like to know its name. It grows close to the ground, and has round green leaves, covered with scarlet hair."

"Yes," added Emily, "and though it was not raining, they were all over clear drops of water."

"The plant you mean" replied Mary, "is called Drosera, or sundew, it grows in marshy places, and has a leaf such as you describe, which even in the brightest sunshine seems covered with the dew of evening. This fluid has a sweet flavour, and attracts insects to their own destruction, for, becoming entangled in the clammy hairs, they die on the leaf. Sundew is vividly impressed on my memory by an adventure I had when I was a child."

"Oh! do tell it, Mary: we like to hear your adventures."

"Well, this took place a long time ago, when I was living in Ireland. I am sure you have often heard of the bogs for which that island is famous. Near our house there was a very extensive one, in which I delighted to wander, on account of the beauty and variety of the wild flowers it produced.

"Fearing to prosecute my search alone, in so desolate and solitary a place, I often persuaded my brother Henry to accompany me, and on one of these occasions I first beheld the Drosera, or sundew. From the pretty scarlet-fringed leaves, a small stem arose, bearing a few tiny white blossoms, folded up as if for evening, although it was the noon of a bright July day. On our return home I looked for the name of this curious plant, in the book which you, Charles, so much dread, I mean Aunt Ellen's large work on botany, and found it exactly described. I also discovered that the flowers are rarely found unclosed even in the brightest weather.

"The celebrated Swedish botanist, Linnæus, watched this plant year after year, until his patience was at length rewarded, one sunshiny day, by beholding the flowers on every plant fully and beautifully expanded. On reading this account, my brother and I resolved to visit the bog frequently, in the hope of finding the blossoms of the sundew open, and many a pleasant ramble we had, although we failed in gaining our object.

"One day when the sun was peculiarly bright, I proposed to Henry to visit a distant part of the bog which we had not before explored. He readily con-

sented, and we set off in high spirits, on this our last sundew hunt. We walked a considerable distance, and many were the beautiful flowers passed by unheeded, so intent were we on the one object of our desire. At length we saw, at a short distance before us, a large patch of sundew.

"Henry," I exclaimed, "I think it is open."

"I really believe it is," he replied.

"In great excitement, we attempted to rush forward, but found it difficult to get on fast, the ground being wet and uneven.

"Come round this way," said Henry, "I see a smooth green spot where we can easily cross."

"With some trouble I followed his steps to a lovely verdant place, bright and refreshing to the eye, when contrasted with the dark brown hue of the surrounding bog. Alas! we knew not how deceptive was its beauty. My brother stepped unsuspectingly on what appeared a luxuriant greensward, and felt his feet begin to sink.

"Take care, Mary," he exclaimed, "this place is very soft; I am afraid I must go back, for it will not bear me."

"But he found it impossible to extricate his feet from the thick mire in which they were fast imprisoned. All his struggles were unavailing, the yielding surface of the treacherous quagmire, gave way beneath his weight, deeper, and deeper, every moment, he sank, until I feared to see him altogether swallowed up in this horrid pit.

"I flung myself on my knees, seized hold of a large tuft of bog-myrtle, which providentially grew near, and acting on the impulse of the moment, stretched out to him my hand. He grasped it eagerly, and though but a weak support, it served to prevent his sinking further. Alas! all my strength and his best efforts could not succeed in raising him, even in the slightest degree; so we were obliged to remain in the same position, his head and arms only above the morass into which he was plunged. What an interminable time of agony it appeared, not only mental, but bodily: for the strain upon my arm was almost unendurable; and had I given way but for one moment's relief, I must have seen my dear brother sink into a living grave. My courage was fast failing, for I felt how little hope there was of aid in this wild uninhabited spot, when suddenly it flashed across my mind that there was One now watching over us, to whom all things were possible, and who could send relief even under apparently the most hopeless cir-

circumstances. The same idea must have struck Henry, for he said—

“‘Mary, you cannot hold me much longer; I am lost unless God sends us help. He alone can.’”

“‘Let us ask him, Henry,’ I replied; and as I knelt in this painful attitude on the wild bog, I fervently prayed that God would speedily send us assistance to save my dear brother’s life. After this my hope and courage revived, and I firmly resolved never to desert my post as long as life and strength were given me; and to trust God for the rest. Several times I had called loudly; but in vain, for no human being was within hearing of my cries. Yet they had been heard; hope brightened within me, as a distant sound met my ear. Was it a human voice? I could not tell. Again it came, and this time nearer. Now I could distinguish it clearly. A bark—a low whining bark—growing louder and louder, as it approached, until at length Henry’s favourite dog rushed towards us, bounding with joy at having at length attained the object of his search.

“‘Alas! poor fellow, what aid could he give us in our sore distress. At first he did not comprehend our case, but expected to be received with corresponding joy on our part.

“‘Gelert, good Gelert,’ I said—for he was called after the famous Welsh hound—‘look at your poor master; he cannot move. Go, good dog, and bring some one to help him out.’ He looked intelligently in my face, glanced at my extended arm, and seemed to understand what I meant. Uttering a sympathetic whine, without further loss of time he trotted off as fast as his legs could carry him.

“‘Mary,’ said poor Henry, ‘I know I must go down, sooner or later, but, oh! not yet; hold me, dear, as long as you can, for I am so afraid to die, I never thought much about death, because I was young, and did not imagine it could be near. Will you promise not to let me go just yet awhile? Help might come. Oh, sister, listen, do you hear anything?’”

“‘No, Henry, all is very still. Be sure I will hold you as long as I am able, for I do believe God will answer our prayer, and yet save you. Try and trust him, dear brother.’”

“He shook his head despondingly, and I again put up an earnest petition for strength and faith.

“A long and painful interval elapsed, during which we were both silent. I was growing weary and faint; so faint that I dreaded becoming unconscious, and thus relaxing my hold of Henry’s hand.

“Just then a distant sound reached my ear. Again it was but the bark of a dog.

“‘Gelert coming back unsuccessful,’ I thought, ‘and just in time to see his master sink.’”

“Moment after moment passed, each seeming like an hour, when, as the bark approached, I could discern another sound. Oh, joy! it was a human footfall.

“‘Master Henry and Miss Mary, I have found

you at last. I never should have made you out but for the dog; he led me the whole way. Your mamma wants you in, to see some friends, who have arrived since you left the house. But how is this?’”

“These last words were pronounced in a tone of astonishment, as the speaker drew near enough to observe our position.

“‘Oh, John!’ I screamed, ‘come here quickly, and hold Henry’s hand: he is sinking. I cannot keep him up one second longer. Oh, make haste, or he is down.’”

“‘Thank God!’ was all I had strength to utter, as the servant caught the hand I was obliged to drop. Now that I was no longer supported by the necessity for exertion, I lay on the ground utterly exhausted.

“‘How long has Master Henry been in the bog-hole, miss?’ asked John.

“‘A very long time indeed,’ I replied; ‘but why do you not lift him out?’”

“‘It is impossible, miss; but I can hold him up, as you did, until you can find help. Are you able to walk?’”

“‘I think so,’ I replied, at the same time raising myself and attempting to move. ‘But where can I find any one to bring here?’”

“‘I passed a man on my way, who was throwing a rail across a gap,’ he answered.

“‘I wish we had him and his rail.’”

“John gave me full directions where to go, and which way to return; and taking the faithful Gelert as a companion, I found all as I had been told. I explained our case to the poor Irishman, who said—

“‘Sure, thin, it’s a bad way entirely you were in, an’ it’s mysilf will go wid ye, and bring the rail too;’ which he did most willingly, and placed it across the quagmire.

“Henry, according to directions, grasped it firmly with one hand, letting go the other which John had held, and by means of both he was able to draw himself up a considerable way; then, with the assistance of the two men, he succeeded in gaining firm ground. I was too much overcome by my feelings to be able to articulate a word; but Gelert gambolled about in the most ecstatic joy.

“After much fatigue and difficulty we arrived at home. Poor Henry had to be supported most of the way; but with care and good nursing he soon recovered the effects of his dangerous adventure. I was, for many days, unable to use my arm, but by degrees strength and power returned, and most thankfully did I endure the pain which had been the means of saving my dear brother’s life. Gelert, too, kept up the honour of his name, and was more highly favoured and beloved by the entire household than he had ever been before.

“In our future excursions through the Irish bogs, you may be sure we took good care to avoid treacherous quagmires; and since that eventful day I have never seen the sundew blossoms fully expanded.”

R.